

It seems that there were two brothers by the name of Jones. One was single, the other married. The single brother was the proud owner of a dilapidated rowboat. Strangely enough the day John Jones' wife died, his brother's boat filled with water and sank.

A few days later a kind old lady met Joe, mistaking him for John and said: "Oh, Mr. Jones, I was sorry to hear of your great loss-- you must feel terrible. I'm sure you--"

Just then Joe broke in saying: "Well, I'm not a bit sorry. She was a rotten old thing from the first, her bottom was all chewed up, she smelled of old fish, and the first time I got into her she made water faster than anything I ever saw. She had a crack in her back and a pretty bad hole in front, and the hole kept getting bigger and bigger every time I used her. It got so I couldn't handle her at all, and when anyone else used her she'd liak like anything. But this is what finished her. Four guys from the other side of town came down looking for a good time and asked if I could rent her to them.

"Well, I warned them what she was like, but they said they didn't care, they would take a crack at her anyway. The result was they all tried to get into her at once and it was too much for her. The little old lady fainted.